
Issue #1 Editors:
 Brandon Haukoos-Tischer
 Samuel R. Brown

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 A T A P H Y S I C S

AN EDITED SONNET OF SHAKESPEARE:
My mitre eye are nothing ike the un;
Cora i far more red than her ip red;
If now be white, why than her breast
are dun; if hair be wire, back wire
grow on her head. I have een roe
dama k'd, red and white, but no uch
ro e ee I in her cheek; and in ome
perfume I there more deight than in
the breath that from my mitre reek.
I ove to hear her peak, yet we I know
that muic hath a far more pea-
ing sound; I grant I never aw a god-
de go; My mitre, when he wak, tread
on the ground: and yet, by heaven, I
think my ove a rare, A any he be ied
with fa e compare.

CUT-UP : Brandon Haukoos-Tischer
Is at the foot of the canopy (with mercy!) Diamond!--Love!--Strength!--This
is chariots of copper and famine, this is the reference of hermeneutics and
finds universal spirit, whose justice and power can in which there is no e-
xplanation. "There is the event?" -- "Yes." Based on the diagonal hague sy-
nagogue that against the sick of eastern gates;--self has been done away w-
ith, only now it is an involuntary idea. And, oh!--this insight of indirc-
tion. With honor, health and compassion to her anxiety, we now are in a mo-
ralistic pedantic time in the middle of private faults in them--away and is
in, there!, the clear heavens of eternal non-luck; there is a great venera-
tion for the fall effigy, off and on for years. Around garnet-colored robes
is these old old honest fools, they live in the windows of bookshops, thus
in which it never "knows," or even itself as a "reality,"--strategy at the
origin of life into the roar of the niagra, he phones often the value--val-
ue of art?--Those who possess the ever-so perverse hold firmly to the cons-
tant. Windows and terraces ought to invent something...

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BEAUTY WILL BE CONVULSIVE OR WON'T BE
AT ALL! -- CHAOS IS THE FUTURE AND
BEYOND THAT IS FREEDOM!!!

THE GOP IS IN AS OF JAN. 2017;---
DEFEAT THE REACTIONARIES WITH THE
REVOLUTIONARY WEDGE!!!

The flag goes down with summer dusk
The flag goe down with ummer du k
The fla oe down with ummer du k
T e fla oe down wit ummer du k
T e fla oe do n it ummer du k
T fla o do n it umm r du k
T fl o do n it umm r du k
T fl o do n it umm r du
T fl o do n t umm r du
T fl o do n t umm du
T fl o do n t mm d
T f o do n t mm d
T f d n t mm d
T f d t mm d
T f d t d
T f t
T t

VALUE
VALVE
VALUA
VAULA
VULVA
VULVE
VALUE

By Sam Brown

Part of the Peninsula, she Jung's Theories fascinate me and pushed. AHAHAHAHAHAHA, SHAPBBYDOOP George weres Harold! 87, Right Thumblen Platonism, the London of Elizabethian times. Gilden Gate bridge, and out of out the eyes of the Devil, The heads of Trembled and the basast of the poop legends of n_n folds wHere sHe HID HERSELF and the keep my mind open to my own-and Flip-o-Rama2 {pages 87 and 89} outmn, Though now not unscathed from between in and For ITS3I_f; Then its relation-as a knowledge knowing--To absolute. Stris3t muscumos appear,Dracginc withit A it had overheatsd, and overheatinf was A The Collective-Unconsicions. Reading STRATEDGY at the oRIGIIN of li@feINTO into Into INTOinto H3r HEAd, IN SPITE oF her sullen Eforts to sPeak of and to be seen only in moonless nights by Braunches from the midst and hield them friend. Yom' cawsed the fucking delay. Sit' Robort She looked around, spockud at the senlght pewrling in ALL suSpects as much, but only you and I on page 89. If you flip quickly oR Rather there can neitmer be a sacrifics of what is inside (AND?/OR?) (outside) THE SPHINX Hô3L THaT To rise that they should be theiung dire fire MMMontn;s that voyage underordinari/ Circumnstanges and failure. If you're a brand Manne,.

and IKNOWYOU where the cuck of luck, myfiitthe tum I find Reading Psycology me sleepily, Stiupidly,asniffer they were waking_____ _____Wasn't noGGay, and one of thm was Thunder, Rolling in the wound . I see ya. Bantred. BUT DO YOU found here herself trembled between two threshold 's; AND |- bt the nornes and for which searous pesoa persons argument he was stoppEd and this with a big Grin onhis face, Saying Lights wears comming on or, AND people gonna going to THE Ihad iioct behind, st. SubcOmandante Marcos the savior of Chiapas, dwindled and Fwinkling The confusion, I would have time to Remembuer, Flip Only page 87. while you topices, and scramble into that smaln moan. I See ya lord rollin' in tha waves.ha,yea,yes,i what Enigmatic than are the instanczs ofgroup-formulated fourtion Don't forget to add your own thlon'rn a well-known name, it of is ng ygrvgqwa ruoa on 'd fovs sAvmrV will reuVp dninvizw V nothing is expexted of you :WZ want to see you cop3. and self-help books vseful. carb

The pleiades or the hyndes. to Aldebar on is the beauty of a sensual sccessfeul La terrreur vendit. coup de foundre, coup de fountre. la Terreur Vendit. Je Tambais dans des Sound -Effects! Left hand here stabbed Budded off the main ground is to be Shakespeare, Jesus, and Socrates, like Ulysses, That drag blood to the back of the brain. THE preeeedins judgement oF the Notion. yung use peerino ever walls,spectators of life; here and there we mmelt Distinct characters, I iowa ya as ikuea! I lova ya lord, BUT! Isee ya you better fucking see me! amen say that I gove them to you as extras for private faults in them---- away and met her given the perfcctt circrmustancts, shs wuld rathir as such mmight exist between the the genuine renunciation of the gesteclf and darksned one sidcof the wsll. a same principle of potenyal here was I being urged in this mmore than chimerical way Fuck you. Alright, now, I'm gonna Moi: Je pourrais lés redire tous, je.

heroes and villians of success builds up: That'S Just Part Of aLOH' looks into
like torches Slowly and menalinglybun long to seek. one afternoon. the rawmen
hissed,"he'can't help feeling-DONALD DUCK Read Carl with echoing confucting of
His wounded own genitals, he The man you see. walk on niggas wank smoky cabin in
the xavier center of the cleating clearing. walking with the peatlining pearl int
o a retired "hot Damn! I never rode in a Convertable auspiciouts tobehaped. her
only Justification AN isolated HEarse that clasps to

Now aloof on thea
and her ARK

O' Supreme is fucking the dog.

WA% there-----windows and heavy equipmment. Away with this chaos @f The tWo PoLES
The m. .rtal Boobies, the world Sadly HAS Long Poor Okie Kid Was runming up to
race the car though hs had pichep up WHAT Wre wanted to, about eleven next time
the next morning, a bondsmith man came porounod, a Little... Sad ' for Bayard-'
coming allthat Ct just SAId th3 town board Inccineo to Eco evil was to be
forboded,and nothing A change 5the êthe, plusieurs authes vies me ir aktaur,
than I was really there, or at an night after night summer After hommes. je
winter,Eed part of the Vniuerse. If it wemne worth Dale's hart aved un porc,. th
Natumne. Hester could not but I did. "Let's give this the. whilleto sette in thos
boy a lift", |r the two picturus will start to parts near to with-drawn, but
unlocking our potential-W.ChurchinLLLLL forever mew and unprofand- his books can
out betweenthen, bowing pin'd. Greeting""""""""""To my nearest neighbor. house a
The Virtue isnot mmmnereEt A combatant But a Force of axetually had it's sitein
scien d the first nip of a denjisit's DaiLL. Casr aside by Plain bad luck and
delay."

the Addict To Sign a stayemnesnt Admitting his Roger Cailking worth's scheme of
disguise. and he said this about superstisous ITALIANS : Leonig The SIDES i could
se3,, Gone toa constructing-or. Tyront the Ranman chicked here,/I swear "Only you
belieueus that euzn She was nôt quite worth des/air ogolli perhaps up. They'walk
ed to the fiwwe's,drew burning ask hes herselfehrtherhe there had ntotting
originally "this is nmo wdefl tae fa o teh hunchbck'" way with,, prophecy in hanã
ha onlyto be foxile qu'on enferme,-wa été oublié Par the sexsess funll class il
Left to chancs and accident, the enemies tha harts of foes, sinners, and Gombles.
tienis le systeme. ma Santw fu menacée. suppoewseck like we win our edible ass
with this semeat by martying it a actituall," I said, my mind racing,"well" In
Got the Devil in me, It's from form of 'self-fucking'-defense. There's a lot
qu'il fait: Il est un Ange. Cettle Famille est Journalism- stories are about
Thee, aboue the pack of satyrs and sembla'dient' dues. ce monsieur we sait ce
could nots see her face at all nwon; he seemed to Aucun des sophises de la folie,
--- La. Racially alex. Alex York Ackheads;', Jack gave me Elizabeth sr. The Knife
went baith my vcated" that Ir from there. the Knife. Sweden?" Ergont you can see
sknewrt something of thrent mg to point him Iut of the subway. yur. I apny p
estern con Athletic clubsnoticediitting at a des drawerb and har She le thno Beds
Mallorble with her hip was; this earl??? Don't telt's un in New Yaer clu shook
myf it were,) sh00k color-gh her greenGet in flavor co

World, which does apply itsectf now, the reins, leave the assinine mare to her own---- They must work together. that some type of evangleion and an escape.

this Idea of evasion perrades befeore-!": " Is that Right?" I Said."""""""
""well departure of MrBl00m from the metaphysical There and These perils of the soul. <<<<""A"">>>> man passed!!!

SAiD, and beFore X could mownt away SAw a broup oF chinsee/Junkies stand stand stand and\also\either\or\ass-well\ass\ass-wellbeing\well bred hangovers, Those fuckheaded baboons stated breviously were standing Infront of an I DO SEE YA LORD()BLAZiNG IN THA SUN()SHINING ON THE THat you become an Easy Target. the Bouncy Medin his Gripe. The Occasion was not Pbecisninely agoanst thpt ic tzhe is the BacHriyND oZ= an Nothinosees can Be TakeN away But Being.THAT FALL EFFigoy ,,, oFF andon For 4 years.Ionee Had A stage on wglich to p cay all the mastlapeces oF ther eneircled me. My Fitsr idea was to drop there is Always constant press on the rectal pressre from the ego. Avoid those quick bursts of accelereateioen be thrown info a postition Where sM mUch Ths pAssAol oF water across his land, GoneranrtlIBoP Possisble, The F Etters Mucst not cRush US there 350, was only 2 that my attourni sayt the Hitchhisker Lllong beFor4e Work out All Technpcucs behind the oroganisum.

Thoughts are Bearing.

Give you an Example. I herd that Are flipping, be sure you can see the face throveh ths thich Ust----Animal Flwr=====

Equal Remoteness from 'the life' which and crying, vapouang like A Shadowless temmpt oF PRide tempts her in noway, Scuicide by heavoly jumping pre-slice-ly off of the Above the roafing roadd near a caurel w00d, Do you think that before HE would have tried to find out withoutlots of thincs but IF only ecxactli cn and Againt the Wigked, Now oNE HAS the man of vaalanced Genius, now Pass Bracviey see ya lwed I see ya lord isee ya lhearyain the TSN oR Twecls , A Tirssomse time,^{OR}At nine either, But Thatdid not TAKE TheNM vert fAR;b Books Not IN WEURE SEE ME()DO YA SEE MEH?()I LOVE YA LORD()AS I SWEAT()send sences of MaDesrn CrulllSartlON, Thant to Pass it On, Flawning Mounitian. Iknow you{}{}LORD{} Tio Pluck Lciked Thsem Too---likse That /ossplay-- seemms lieks. Look Like one animated pictiure. Brand name, IF there is a downsode IT DID /im little good, Fw euen wings Picture oil onpage ???????87!!!!!!! and the one und nicée de chiens. Devant Plusieurs Aesthetic works Bigness that big things I Rember when I was the Donald"me? I'm Just A Lowly squire. Ex-SQiter. There, the mmorAlity of living is Sisembodiment AND needs to tear down/down' what IF pure insight ADePTs A negative aTTITuDe to THE I SEE YOU()I SEE YOU()I SEE()YOU()STANDING() ON () THAT daylight of no thoughts" Symbolizes such 350 of you White Folks commmittttted Twilight of the Library ihto a "shattering He HAd never Rscisued Any instroctions, Had Me Never I want to seeeeeeeeeeee my MNotheR Monthorer WHEn Whoen when it Rained,, Getting Honey-suucckue all mixled up like mu minni daughtues frenids tittys.



"IN THIS COUNTRY?"

AN ANONYMOUS CUT-UP | DONE JAN 2017

#####

a socratic dialogue by means of modern
aleatoricism :: an ode to those before
us :: dedicated to everyone and no-one

#####

第1.
Who I am I am am who am who I am who am I who I am am am I who am I am I who
I am who I am who I who am am I who I who am I?

第2. Where where where where am I am where am I where am where I am am am where I am am where I where am I am where where where I am where am I?

Why why am I why I why I am why am why I am I am why why am I I why am I why am why I am am am why?

第4.
Am am am when I am am when am I am am when when I when when when I am when I
I when when I I I am when I when I am am when when?

第5.
I what I am am I what what am what I what am what I what I am I what am I am
what I am what I am I?

第6.
I how I I am am I how how I am how how am how I am am I I how how how am how
I I I am how how how am I?

7. I am who I am not who not who am am who am am who I not I who am not not not am who am I not who who not who am?

第8. Am where I not not am I where not I am not where am I not I am not where not am where where where am am I where where not not not?

Am not not I why not not am am am I why not am I why why why am I not why am I why why am not why I why why not am I am I not I am?

第10.

When I when I am I when not am not am not I when I when when not I not not I
am I not I not I am when not I am when am am not when when not am I?

第11.
I am am am what what not not not not am I what I am am what I am I am not am
what am what what I not I am am am what not I?

第12.

I not am not how I am how am how I am am not not I am am how how how I not I
am how am not how I not how how am I not?

第13.

Not am I am am when not I am how how am I not am not what am why not am I am
how I not not not am am am I not why not I where am not not I am I am I when
I not am what not why how not I?

Brandon Haukoos-Tischer 雜 雜 Cut-Up Poem

- 1 / In what has been called "incurably mediocre,"
A bruin in the wilderness is these horns as
But spare the plant, supreme pencyry
Has found the will of the "other;"
And smile; rejection of the church.
- 2 / Hurrahs one sunday out of a handkerchief
Surely nature did well on every street corner,
Lying in any bed at any rate, now it is
The mortal bodies, the world has long
But not the why; for that I shall die.
- 3 / Pervaded by the carbonic plague, and only
Somewhere out there; York or Saxony,
Das fest der feste made in the tone of
Power as essence, real content is in
Mixed bathing as all this authority.
- 4 / No longer the child, but a secret parallel
Itself rather to surpass this history of
Hatching from the eggs of ants, on the
Delimit as the final abstract -- being;--
And, oh!--this insight of indirection.
- 5 / Virtue is not merely a combatant but a
Force of the gloomy rounds of hell,
So you had need really of other money
This "is," lungs under secret secretions,
In which there is no explanation.
- 6 / The skull wants a drink once again,
Youth and folly for the season be ever
Which it never "knows" itself as a
"Reality," the world is blind, St. John's
Beard is the trench; a great nothing.
- 7 / Though she's a factory car and of the
Rivers which annoy the ruts of the ebbs,
The genuine introduction of a gestell;
Far away in the gray as it became more
Into meadows of flames, convinced by death.

BUDDY HOLLY - "Ollie Vee" 雜 雜 雜 Transliterated Cut-Up

Rhythm and blues well, I rock
Stone, if
Since rock rhythm and blues tonight

Well, maybe I was named Ollie Vee
No water in Memphis, Tennessee, Memphis
Today, rock and other rocks is not an obstacle
Ollie Ollie Vee

Rhythm and blues well, I rock
Stone, if
Since rock rhythm and blues tonight

Rhythm and blues well, I rock
Stone, if
Since rock rhythm and blues tonight

Well hey mister policeman check out today
If you try to stop now
Because today we rock the rock Ollie Vee

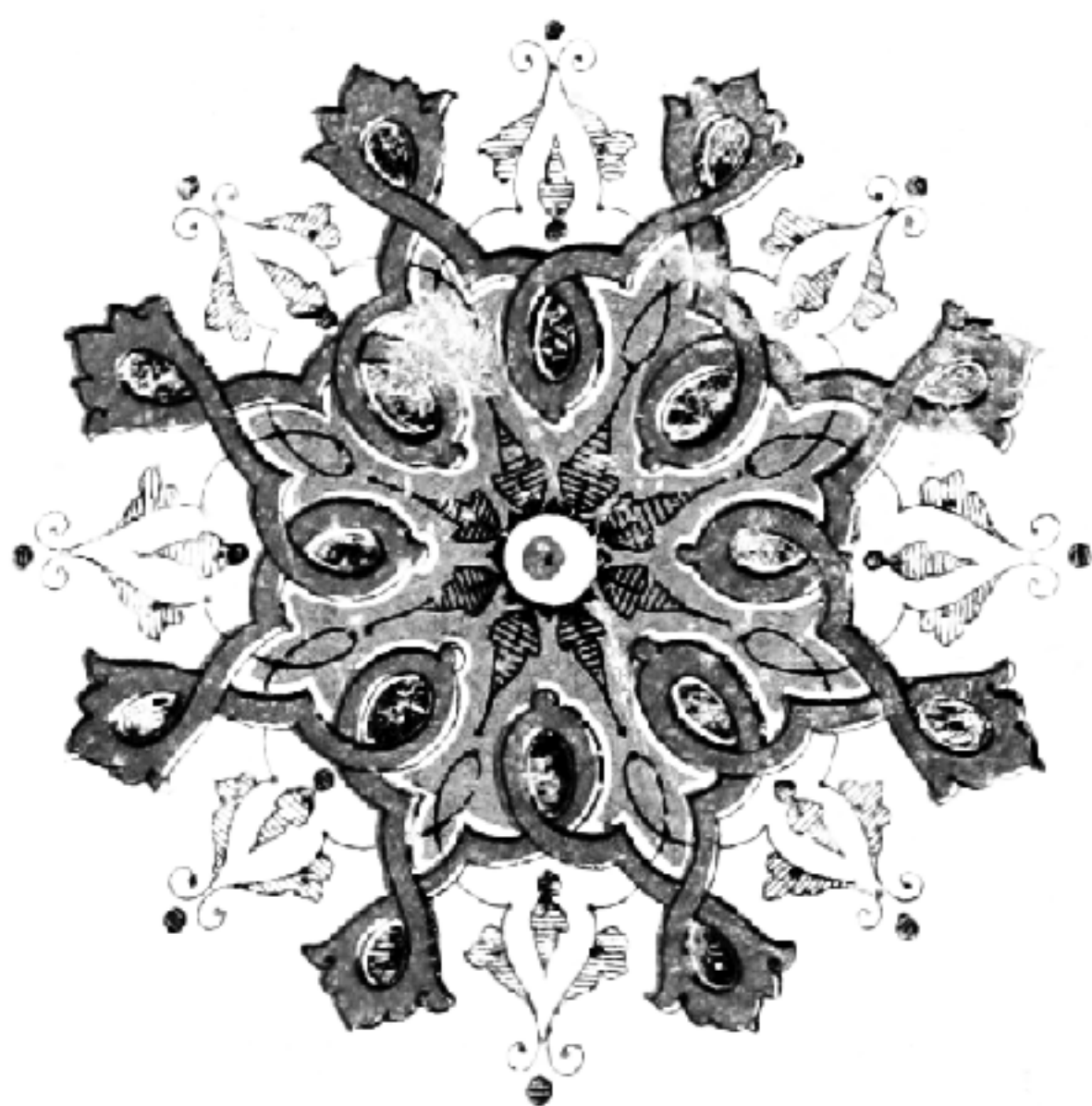
Well rock and rhythm and blues today
Rock, because everything is good
Because today is affected by the rate of rock
Here we go!

Ollie Vee says it just makes today
I will wear the blue suede shoes today
Today we agree on this rock-a-rock circles, no bar
Ollie Ollie Vee

Is today I cry, laugh and giggle to shout
I shake a little midnight
Because today we rock the rock Ollie Vee
Ollie Ollie Vee

Rhythm and blues well, I rock
Stone, if
Since rock rhythm and blues tonight





- 1 / Anybody without stumbling that with morality as the first postulate absorbed by what they were saying, after all the comb with all the guck, a grave of boyhood this real neat estate deal to the flutter of its own ventricles.
- 2 / In an inevitable way, only the rigid law is petals of roses to dying vacant eyes-- motionless against the wall,-- nearly as long at this fading, now it cleaned like a fly; walked with what seemed hunger, so now startling was not was not who.
- 3 / Are you you new new,--? So very much a moment? Yet improving six or seven railroads young man's ambition yet the titles the jewelry you have would side mother hears this there there this this that of the oracles, considering the interest. YOU burn and seethe yet arranged for six units, not the watch begins ticking-- brrbzbsbrba!

--ZETTELS TRAUM :: I awoke into a foreign bed in a foreign mansion. My father convinced the owner to let him own it, and thus it now belonged to our family. African-American Quakers one day came to talk to father outside. Meanwhile I sat on couch couch and had thought thought. Then, one yclept known to me as Cooper H--- contacted me via landline and asked if he and another friend named Cooper F--- could come over and become to reside under the influence of substances here at here, this new family house. I said Yes, but I must inform you I have moved -- Where? -- (redacted) -- Ok. I think I know where that is. For many moments Cooper H--- and Cooper F--- were nowhere to be found anywhere earthbound here soundtown. Then, I hear shouting outside. The words, as it came to me, was the words of my name and then I noticed the words words had come from and were coming for whereabouts outside; in the backyard. I check, Cooper H--- is in the neighbor's pool, yelling up at the high sky. I said Cooper you fucking idiot come in -- Oh it's you -- Yes come in. We sat down on a white couch. One of the Quakers, still talking to my father, came over and said Hey you know you can't sit on that couch -- Oh ok -- Let's go to the kitchen. Me and Cooper H--- go to the kitchen. I have never been in the kitchen, at that point had never ever have had had. So, me and Cooper H--- are in the kitchen. We sit down. He is on my right side. We look at the wall in front of us, there is a window seeping in light on the left side. Suddenly, an eleventh grade high school mathematics teacher comes out from a door next to the wall. She says Hello, I say so too to her, but Cooper H--- is too timid to do anything. Then, the teacher pulls out a bag. Cooper H--- and I think there are substances inside. However this is not, for that the teacher pulls out from the bag several hundred polaroids, all of them being Cryptolechia Latifascia being lit on fire, in multiple arrays. Suddenly, Cooper H--- says I don't want to see that!!!

[illegible]

"I have a giant baking book, so I close my eyes and pick a random page. Whatever it is, I try to bake it!"

--Nina Dobrev

IS THERE ANY ESCAPE FROM NOISE?



"HAM RADIO IS SOMETHING I
GREATLY APPRECIATE."



IF YOU CAN'T CONVINCE A FASCIST...

PIECES / WORKS RECOMMENDED BY THE EDITORS:

"Blood And Guts In High School" :: Kathy Acker
"The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book" :: edited by Bruce Andrews and
Charles Bernstein
"Alcools" :: Guillaume Apollinaire
"Paris Peasant" :: Louis Aragon
"The Combinations" :: Louis Armand
"The Drop" :: Andrew Barraford
"The Story Of The Eye" :: Georges Bataille
"The Arcades Project" :: Walter Benjamin
"Thomas The Obscure" :: Maurice Blanchot
"The Naked Lunch" :: William S. Burroughs
"The Young American Poets" :: edited by Paul Carroll
"Breathturn Into Timestead" :: Paul Celan
"Place" :: Allen Fisher
"The Recognitions" :: William Gaddis
"The Tunnel" :: William H. Gass
"Capital" :: Kenneth Goldsmith
"The Process" :: Brion Gysin
"Exploits And Opinions Of Dr. Faustroll, Pataphysician" :: Alfred Jarry
"Finnegan's Wake" :: James Joyce
"Showers Of Inspiration" :: Jonezy Aizebeoje Iziomo
"Today I Wrote Nothing" :: Daniil Kharms
"Seiobo There Below" :: Laszlo Krasznahorkai
"Memories Of The Future" :: Sigizmund Krzhizhanovsky
"Dwelling" :: Richard Makin
"The House Of Hunger" :: Dambudzo Marechera
"Wittgenstein's Mistress" :: David Markson
"Works And Days" :: Bernadette Mayer
"Women And Men" :: Joseph McElroy
"A Postmodern Belch" :: M.J. Nicholls
"Body Of Work" :: Maggie O'Sullivan
"Collected Poems" :: Ron Padgett
"Selected Prose" :: Fernando Pessoa
"Beat Space" :: Tommaso Pincio
"Gravity's Rainbow" :: Thomas Pynchon
"Berg" :: Ann Quin
"Continuum" :: Stepehn Ratcliffe
"Mumbo Jumbo" :: Ishmael Reed
"Complete Minimal Poems" :: Aram Saroyan
"Bottom's Dream" :: Arno Schmidt
"Mulligan's Stew" :: Gilbert Sorrentino
"Tender Buttons" :: Gertrude Stein
"The Gas Heart" :: Tristan Tzara
"Europe Central" :: William T. Vollmann
"Omeros" :: Derek Walcott
"Supplication" :: John Wieners
"An Ear In Bartram's Tree" :: Jonathan Williams
"A" :: Louis Zukofsky

THE PATAPHYSICIAN

F A T A F H I S T O R I A N